

## Christmas With the Losers by MusicalFangirl00193

**Category:** IT (Movies - Muschietti)

**Genre:** F/M, M/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Donald Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, Wentworth Tozier

**Relationships:** Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Mike Hanlon/Stamley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Richie Tozier & Stanley Uris

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2019-12-02

**Updated:** 2019-12-13

**Packaged:** 2019-12-13 01:26:22

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 12

**Words:** 3,213

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

I got bored and decided to do a prompt series for December, because why not?

# 1. Snow

## Author's Note:

There isn't much snow in Southern California or New York.

"It doesn't snow much in California, does it?"

"Not really," Richie admitted, staring out the window. "I'm sure it isn't this pretty in New York."

"Nah," Eddie admitted, leaning against Richie. "It's dirty as soon as it leaves the cloud."

"I think you were on to something, getting out of the city for a bit."

"It happens from time to time." Eddie watched the snow fall for a few more minutes. "Want to get a headstart on the inevitable snowball fight?"

Richie burst out laughing, pulling Eddie in for a kiss. "I knew there was a reason I loved you."

"That a yes?"

"Fuck yeah," Richie jumped up from the window seat to get his jacket and wait for Eddie to put on his full snowsuit that Richie felt took approximately thirty years.

"Cooooome oooooon," Richie groaned.

"You're gonna be singing a different tune when you get pneumonia and I'm taking care of you."

"My hero," Richie teased, dragging Eddie out to the snow-filled yard that separated the three cabins the Losers were renting for the week.

## 2. Holly

### Summary for the Chapter:

Richie discovers how prickly holly bushes are and Stan is so done with the person who is somehow his best friend.

“Don’t fight the bush,” Stan sighed.

“Bush started it,” Richie grumbled.

“It’s a holly bush, Richie. It was there and prickly long before you got here and ran into it.”

“Staaaan.”

“Where’s Eddie?” Stan asked, regretting that he hadn’t had the time to pull on his jacket before coming outside to see what Richie was yelling about. “Richie herding is his job.”

“He went to the store with Ben and Mike.” Richie returned his glare to the bush. “Something about baking.”

“Why are you even messing with the bush?”

“Bev wants to make holiday wreaths,” Richie said, as if that explained everything. “She has everything but the holly and the berries.”

“Hold on,” Stan sighed, going back inside and grabbing his jacket with the gloves tucked into the pocket, a pair of heavy-duty scissors from the kitchen, and a bag from the first store run before going back outside.

“How much do you need?”

Richie shrugged, holding the bag as Stan started carefully cutting sprigs. “She’s making three,” Richie offered.

“Hey, Bev!” Stan yelled across the yard to her cabin.

“Yeah?” she yelled back, sticking her head out her front door.

“How much holly?” he asked, holding up the half-full bag.

“That’ll be good.”

Stan nodded, handing the bag back to Richie.

“Warn a guy before you yell in his ear, won’t ya?” Richie grumbled, rubbing at his ear. “Thanks for the help, Stan the man.”

“No problem,” Stan tucked the scissors into his pocket, turning back to his cabin. “Don’t burn the cabin down with the hot glue gun.”

“No promises,” Richie said cheerfully as he returned to Bev’s cabin.

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The wreath was on the door when Mike to back from the store.

“Is that a Star of David?” Mike asked, pushing open the door.

“Yeah,” Stan grabbed the bag Mike was about to drop. “Yeah, it is.”

### 3. Santa

#### Summary for the Chapter:

Richie and Eddie go shopping for a Hanukkah gift for Stan

“You are literally more excited about this than the five-year-olds,” Eddie observed dryly.

Richie stuck his tongue out at his fiancé. “Just because you’re a Scrooge doesn’t mean I have to be. Let me enjoy this.”

“Why are we even here?” Eddie sighed.

“I need to get Stan something for Hanukkah.”

“At a toy store?”

“I want to get him one of those little electronic dogs.”

“*Why?*”

“Stan refuses to admit that he wants a dog,” Richie said, pulling himself away from the Santa’s Workshop set up at the front of the store.

“And you think this will help?”

“It’ll be fucking hilarious either way,” Richie shrugged.

“We are in a toy store,” Eddie hissed, smacking Richie’s arm. “Surrounded by children. Stop cursing.”

“Touchy,” Richie grumbled as he found the aisle with electronic toys.

“I don’t want to get yelled at by a stressed-out mom.”

“Fair enough,” Richie shrugged, staring down at the shelf full of electronic dogs. “What kind of dog do you think Stan would want?”

Eddie considered the selection for a moment before picking one up.

“This one imprints like a duckling.”

“Fantastic,” Richie beamed, looking over the box Eddie had chosen. “He’ll hate it.”

Eddie sighed and followed his fiancé to the front of the store “I don’t want my name associated with this gift,” he told Richie when he pulled him out of the gravity well that was Santa’s Workshop.

“Whatever you say, Eds,” Richie said with a grin as they joined a line to check out.

“I chose this,” Eddie grumbled. “I proposed and am actually marrying you. Why did I do that?”

“Because you love me,” Richie beamed, pressing a kiss to Eddie’s scarred cheek.

“Yeah,” Eddie said with a fond sigh as Richie refused gift wrapping so he could do it (terribly) himself at home. “Yeah, I really do.”

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Probably a weird thing to bring up in a chapter about Santa, but this is set in 2018 because that puts Hanukkah in a range of dates that works for this story.

## 4. Family

### Summary for the Chapter:

The parents that the Losers have left come to visit.

“Do any of us even have parents left?” Richie asked, watching as Eddie scrambled to clean the cabin that was already spotless.

Eddie stopped for a moment, giving Richie a dirty look. “Literally your dad.”

Richie scoffed “Yeah, but he’s an asshole.”

“So are you. Anyway, Ben’s mom and both of Stan’s parents are coming too.”

“Ugh,” Richie groaned, grabbing Eddie next time he came close. “It’s clean, Spaghetti. Stop hovering.”

Eddie grumbled before finally settling down, submitting to the cuddling. “I’m just nervous,” he admitted.

“Why? My dad loves you.”

“Your dad loved me *when we were kids. And we weren’t together then.*”

“Yeah, but we basically were,” Richie shrugged. “Relax, Eddie. We don’t have the parent I’m worried about.”

“Stan?”

“Yeah,” Richie sighed. “My dad may be an asshole, but Stan’s was a straight-up dick.”

Eddie hummed in agreement. “I still can’t believe you didn’t want to go pick your dad up from the airport.”

“You’d have run yourself ragged overcleaning here,” Richie shrugged. “Mom would get like that sometimes, he’ll get it.”

*The sound of a car engine coming up the driveway drove Eddie to his feet and the porch. Richie sighed and followed his fiancé out.*

*Mike and Ben had taken the behemoth of a van Bill and Mike had declared a necessity for travel with all the Losers. They pulled into the parking lot that made up the fourth side of the square with the cabins on the other three sides.*

*"Nice place you've got here," Wentworth Tozier said, greeting his son with a hug.*

*"Thanks, Dad," Richie returned the hug. "Ben designed them all."*

*"Man's got good taste," Wentworth nodded. "Grew up well."*

*"Right?" Richie led the way into the cabin. "You remember Eddie, right?"*

*"It's not like you don't go on about him every time we talk on the phone."*

*Eddie laughed at Richie's offended expression. "Let me show you your room so you can get settled before dinner. "We're going over to Ben and Bev's."*

*"Little Beverly Marsh?" Went asked, following Eddie.*

*"Yep."*

*"You find all of your childhood friends again, Rich?"*

*"Yep," Richie beamed. "I didn't tell you?"*

*"You did not."*

*"Oops."*

*"You are a menace, Richard Tozier."*

*"So I've been told." Richie was unconcerned. "Who's cooking tonight?"*

*"Bev."*

*"We don't get takeout here."*



*“Stan helped, it’s why he didn’t go to the airport.”*

*“At least we won’t get food poisoning.”*

## 5. Holiday

### Summary for the Chapter:

Donald Uris is a dick

“Where’s your menorah?”

Stan startled. “Hey, Dad. I didn’t realize you guys had arrived yet.”

“Stanley.”

“It’s over at my cabin,” Stan said, gesturing towards it, where the menorah was visible in the front window. “I’m helping Bev cook so we don’t all get food poisoning.”

“I take offense to that!” Bev exclaimed, sticking her head out of the kitchen. “I’m not that bad.”

“Remind me again what happened last time you tried to make spaghetti.”

“I still think Richie sabotaged me,” Bev muttered.

“He wasn’t even here. He was in town.”

“Still.”

“Stanley.” His father drew his attention again. “Why is it that this is the first time your mother and I have seen you in two years and you couldn’t be bothered to pick us up from the airport or even be home when we get here.”

“I’ve been busy, Dad. I didn’t realize I’d need to help with dinner tonight, I’m sorry.”

“Honestly, Stanley--”

“No.” Beverly came out of the kitchen, wearing one of Ben’s flannels over an old tank top and tights covered in flour. She looked more determined than Stan had ever seen. “You will not speak to him like

that, not in my house and not on this property.”

Donald Uris blinked. “And what gives you the right to tell me how I can speak to my son?”

“The fact that this is my house. You may be Stan’s father, but I refuse to let anybody be abused in any way where I can help it. “So, next move is on you. You either apologize right now, or you call a cab and leave within the hour.” Bev crossed her arms over her chest. “What’ll it be, Mr. Uris?”

Donald gave Bev an incredulous look.

“I’ll call the cab company,” Bev turned back to the kitchen where the landline was.

“You’re really going to let her do this?” Donald asked Stan.

“It’s her house,” Stan shrugged. “And I learned a long time ago not to cross Beverly Marsh.”

“Cab’ll be here in 45 minutes,” Bev said cheerfully as she returned to the dining room. “Gives you plenty of time to explain to your wife why you aren’t going to be spending the rest of Hanukkah with your son.”

Donald gave Stan another look, giving him one last look, giving him another chance to dispute Bev’s decision, but Stan just finished setting the table, not meeting his father’s eye.

He knew when his father had left by the door slamming as he did.

“You okay?” Bev asked, standing at Stan’s shoulder.

“I’m fine.” Stan sat down in one of the chairs. “It’s just...been a while since I had anyone stand up for me like that. Especially with him.”

“That’s what we’re here for.” Bev wrapped her arms around Stan and rested her chin on top of his head. “Need anything?”

“Just give me a minute.”

“Alright,” Bev pressed a kiss to the top of Stan’s head. “The others should be here soon.”

“Alright.” Stan stood with a stretch. “We got everything together?”

“We’re good to go,” Bev nodded. “Just waiting on the Losers.”

## 6. Charity

### Summary for the Chapter:

Richie discovers something fun at the store

“What’s an Angel Tree?”

Eddie stopped, looking back to where Richie was staring at a Christmas tree decorated with pink and blue paper angels. “You pick one and buy Christmas presents for them.”

“Can we do one?”

Eddie joined his fiancé in front of the tree. “Alright,” Eddie agreed. “Just one?”

“One each?”

Richie beamed, pulling Eddie in for a kiss before circling the tree before picking out a pink angel with the number 8 proudly on the top. “Your turn.”

Eddie let Richie take the shopping cart and looked over the tree, picking out a blue angel with a 9 on top.

“Let’s go,” Richie said, bounding off into the store.

Eddie rolled his eyes fondly and followed him, carefully setting the paper angels in the seat of the cart as Richie ran around like the feral child he really was at heart.

### Notes for the Chapter:

So I discovered, over the course of writing this prompt, that the Angel Tree is typically done through the Salvation Army, and while the Salvation Army sucks, the Angel Tree program is awesome and isn't always done through them, so just imagine this is one that's not done by them, and is done by a nice local LGBT-friendly charity group.

Also sorry for posting so late, today got really busy.

## 7. Giving

### Summary for the Chapter:

Richie gives Stan the present he bought him for Hanukkah.

“Staniel!” Richie pounced on his napping friend, startling him awake.

“What the fuck, Richard?” Stan groaned, shoving at Richie ineffectually. “I was asleep.”

“I know,” Richie said, unrepentant. “I have a present for you.”

“It’s the seventh of December, why is this so important today?”

“I was gonna wait for the last day of Hanukkah, but I got impatient.”

“You’re such an asshole,” Stan groaned. “Alright, where is this present?”

Richie leaned over the side of the bed and grabbed a, very poorly wrapped, box dropping it on Stan’s chest.

Stan set the box aside and shoved Richie off his bed so he could sit up. “Who even let you in here?”

“Swiped a master key off Ben a few days ago,” Richie shrugged. “Open it.”

Stan picked up the box and turned it over several times in his hands. “How many fucking rolls of the tape did you use to seal this thing?”

“At least one and a half,” Richie shrugged. “You may need scissors.”

“Fucker,” Stan growled as he found the end of the tape and started unwinding it into a ball nearly as big as his head that he threw at Richie once he got it all off. “What even is this thing?” he asked when he got down to just the paper and pulled it away to reveal the robotic dog he’d picked out with Eddie.

“It’s your Hanukkah present!”

“It’s a shitty robot dog.”

“Staniel!” Richie gasped in faux outrage, taking the dog and covering the box by the dog’s ears. “How dare you! She can hear you.”

“It’s a she now, huh?” Stan asked, taking the box back and opening it up. “Does this thing need batteries?”

“Probably,” Richie said, pulling a pack out of his endless hoodie pocket. “Here.”

Stan rolled his eyes, taking the batteries and tiny screwdriver Richie had pulled out as well.

“You know what my favorite thing about her is?” Richie asked when Stan closed up the battery compartment.

“Do I?” Stan asked, raising an eyebrow at Richie as he turned the dog on and right side up.

The dog made a boot-up noise that sounded like a soft puppy whine, imprinting on the first thing it saw, which was Stan.

“It just fell in love with you,” Richie informed him, finding the instruction manual that had fallen out when Stan opened the box. “Have fun with your new fur baby!” he called as he threw the manual towards Stan as he ran out, Stan hot on his heels, dog tucked carefully under his arm.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Stan's robo-dog will be making more appearances.  
Any name suggestions?



## 8. Smiles

### Summary for the Chapter:

Bill finally makes an appearance, and Stan shows off his Hanukkah present.

“You seem happy,” Bill pressed a kiss to the top of Stan’s head, “Good day?”

“After I kicked Richie out,” Stan answered, leaning into Bill as he sat down on the couch. “You haven’t been around much this week.”

“My editor sprung a last-minute round of edits on me,” Bill groaned. “Just got them finished.”

“Great,” Stan turned so he could kiss Bill more comfortably. “Maybe Richie’ll behave himself now.”

“Unlikely.”

“Or maybe he’ll bug you now,” Stan mused.

“Possible but still unlikely,” Bill said with a laugh. “You’re his favorite victim.”

“Do you know what he did today?” Stan asked, leaning back and looking around.

“Lose something?” Bill asked, soft smile on his face as he watched Stan.

“I think you scared her off,” Stan mused. “Hold on a second.” He got off the couch, watching his feet. “Bella,” he called softly.

“Stan, what are you...” Bill paused when the, surprisingly realistic, robotic dog came out from where she’d been hiding under the coffee table. “When did you get a dog? I wasn’t that out of it in my editing funk, was I?”

“This is what Richie got me for Hanukkah,” Stan said, returning to

the couch with Bella on his lap. "I'd think he messed with the AI if I hadn't taken her out of the box myself."

"Why?" Bill asked, watching as Stan smiled at the dog.

"Because he's an asshole," Stan said with an eye roll and a smile. "She's apparently the most advanced robotic pet on the market."

"You said her name was Bella?"

"Yeah," Stan flushed. "Belle means beautiful in French, and she's just so adorable."

Bill grinned, leaning across the couch to press a kiss to Stan's lips. "You're so sweet," he murmured.

Stan grumbled under his breath, but he was smiling, so Bill knew he didn't actually mind.

## 9. Fireplace

### Summary for the Chapter:

Bev's having a hard day

"You look comfortable," Ben said, "Mind if I join you?"

Bev didn't respond, but she did hold out her arm, making a space for him in the blanket nest she'd made.

"You okay?" Ben asked, pulling her close when she leaned in as he got settled.

"Yeah," Bev murmured. "It's just...today was my dad's birthday, and Tom's."

Ben hummed, pressing a kiss to the top of her head, both of them staring into the fireplace

"Ben?" she asked quietly.

"Yeah, sweetheart?"

"Love you."

"Love you too."

Bev hummed happily, turning her head to press a kiss to Ben's cheek. "We should make smores."

"We've got the stuff in the kitchen. Not sure about sticks though."

"Saw some in the front closet," Bev offered.

"Perfect." Ben pressed a kiss to her cheek as he got up. "Be right back."

## 10. Hot Chocolate

### Summary for the Chapter:

Bill and Mike enjoy some quality time.

"What're you doing?" Bill asked, coming up behind Mike, who was standing at the stove, and leaning against him.

"Making some hot chocolate," Mike answered, stirring the pot for a moment before offering Bill a taste. "Still a bit cold, but it's done."

Bill took the offered spoon. "That's really good."

"No need to sound so surprised," Mike laughed. "Where's Stan?"

"He and Eddie are planning some kind of revenge on Richie for something. Bella, I think."

"Why exactly I be trying to get revenge for Bella? He loves her more than us."

"I think it's a matter of pride more than anything at this point," Bill said with a laugh. "He should be back in time for dinner."

"Alright." Mike turned down the heat on the stove. "How about we go upstairs?"

"You have something in mind?" Bill asked, letting Mike lead the way up to the loft that held their bedroom.

"Maybe," Mike said with a grin.

"Well I'm sure we can come up with something to do," Bill said with a grin of his own as they reached the bed.

## 11. Traditions

### Summary for the Chapter:

Richie shows Eddie one of his favorite holiday traditions

"You still have this?" Eddie pulled out an old VHS tape of Die Hard.

"Of course I do," Richie scoffed. "Best Christmas movie ever made."

"But a VHS tape?" Eddie asked. "Come on, at least get a DVD."

"Meh," Richie shrugged. "It's tradition at this point."

"I'm honestly surprised this thing still works."

"Christmas magic."

"You're an idiot," Eddie rolled his eyes as he pulled Richie in for a kiss.

"Yeah, but I'm your idiot," Richie said with a grin when Eddie pulled back. "We gonna watch this thing or not?"

"Yeah," Eddie said with a sigh. "Why not?"

Richie's grin widened and he pulled Richie in for another kiss before darting to the living room to set up the movie for them to watch.

## 12. Believe

### Summary for the Chapter:

Richie and Stan are setting up and having a serious conversation, for once

"You better watch out, you better not cry, you better not pout, I'm--"

"Richie, I swear to Turtle God," Stan growled.

"Where's your Christmas spirit, Stan the Man?"

"I'm Jewish."

"Spoilsport," Richie pouted, draping himself over Stan.

"We're supposed to be setting up here, Richie."

"Like Eddie and Ben aren't gonna come right behind us and rearrange everything," Richie scoffed.

"Richie..."

"Stan," Richie grew oddly serious. "How long have we known each other?"

Stan nodded, knowing Richie wasn't looking for an actual answer.

"And in that whole time, how often have I ever been serious?"

"I'd think you'd be serious for this at least," Stan said, "After all, you're--"

"Stan," Richie cut him off. "It's Eddie. He wouldn't know what to do with me if I was serious."

"Even--"

"Even on our wedding day," Richie agreed. "Which is still four days away, Staniel, relax."

"Richie!" Eddie yelled from the front porch of their cabin. "What the fuck?"

"My knight in shining armor calls." Richie shot Stan a sarcastic salute before darting off to harass his future husband instead.